

Frozen by the shadows

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Summary: O/S that I had posted only on my wordpress. Moving everything over as I intend to resume publishing again :) This story is about how much Jason loves Sookie and only wants her happiness. HEA, takes place after the last book.

Frozen by the shadows

a/n: Piece originally written for someone as a Christmas gift. This author loves Jason and ES-HEA.

This story is complete.

**\*\*Frozen by the Shadows.\*\***

"All I want for Christmas is you"

That fucking stupid song was playing again and all I could do was stare at my little sister who clearly was thinking about someone else while looking at her husband. She was sitting at the table with us, making those silly fucking Christmas decorations, her idea by the way, but she wasn't smiling. She looked up at Sam and he offered her some kind of reassuring smile only for her to look back down with a heavy sigh.

Okay, I know, I may not be the sharpest tool in the shed but Sookie was making it pretty obvious she wasn't happy with Sam and every time she looked at him I knew she wished he was somebody else. And that somebody else was a fucking Viking vampire she was forbidden to see because the world isn't tragic enough already.

We were two weeks away from Christmas and I couldn't imagine spending it with these two barely talking to each other again while my kids would be trashing the place. Quite frankly, it ruined my fucking Christmas and Michele's as well. My poor sister; she was just a ghost at this point, barely living, as if frozen in time. I noticed she wasn't taking her showers all the time either, she didn't wear makeup anymore, and her hair was never done like it used to be. She looked

like a fucking mess every time I saw her, and that wasn't very often, so I could only imagine what she looked like on days she didn't need to see anybody.

>I reached for my beer and took a large sip. I couldn't think straight without it. I couldn't drink as much nowadays, with the kids and all, so when they were with their babysitter, stupid Christmas decorations or not, I was having a couple. That is my God given right as an American!<p>

I looked at my sis again, trying to figure out how I could help. I mean, what the hell could I do with this mess? Anytime I tried to talk to her about it she would put on that 'Crazy Sookie' smile and there ain't talking or reasoning with that one, trust me when I say, my sister, she has some mental problems.

I considered telling Sam to fuck off and leave her be but it wasn't my place and Sis wouldn't like that. She's her own woman she keep saying, she can take care of herself she says. Yeah right, take care of herself and walk right down that road into some sort of depression. Fuck, some days she looked ready for death and that's some freaky shit. I had to ask her a couple times if she was considering getting turned or somethin'.

She looked up at me, right at that moment and frowned. What is it Sis? You reading my thoughts right now, aren't you? Well, let me tell you again how I think you need to leave him because you just ain't happy. You need help.

She put her foot down with a loud thump which made Sam and Michele jump a bit. I chuckled and winked at Sookie but she looked away and somehow I knew she was blocking my thoughts again. She didn't want to hear the truth. Instead, she wanted to cry all by her lonesome and stop eating. As if I wouldn't notice the weight she lost. She looked like a fucking skeleton. Most family dinners, she barely ate so I couldn't imagine she ate more at home when no one was watching.

"Everything okay?" Michele asked kindly and Sookie nodded with her crazy smile.

"Sorry about that, I was daydreaming" Sookie replied and got up from the table to pick up our empty beers and replaced them.

That didn't even make fucking sense. Sookie really thought we were dumb or something.

As the women started talking about what they were going to do for Christmas preparation, Sam and I retired to the living room abandoning this bullshit Christmas decoration making for some man to man talk, and beers of course.

>Sam took a seat on the couch and I sat across from him, looking up to the ceiling while my knees fell to the side in a comfortable position.<p>

"I don't know what to do," Sam said and I frowned. That's not man talk, what the hell is wrong with him?

"About what?" I replied even though I'd rather talk about something else.

"Your sister, she's not herself," he said.

>How the hell was I supposed to respond to that? I know genius, it's your fucking fault? Then again, was it really? Sookie's first failure of a marriage was her own damn fault and she knows it, was that why she was so sad? Maybe she wanted to fix it and was forbidden to do so. Heck maybe she regretted saving Sam? Fuck it, it's not like I can read minds.<p>

"I don't know what to tell you, man. She's never been like that before, not even when Gran died."

>Sam looked down but I sure as fuck wasn't gonna be the one to comfort him.<p>

"You think it's because of him?"

Wow and I thought I was dumb. The man is worse than a girl.

"I don't know, what do you think?" I said avoiding answering at all costs. I am so not getting involved in his shit.

"I think if she could, she would go to Oklahoma and talk to him. I think she needs some closure. He probably doesn't even want to see her and would reject her. I mean the guy just up and left," Sam said and I nodded in agreement even though I didn't mean it.

Sam assured me on the day of their wedding that he loved my sister but throughout the months and years I saw through it. I may be stupid but I know love when I see it and whatever it is between those two that ain't it. Just now, how could he wish Sookie a broken heart, a rejection? That's cold.

"The vampirer had good reason to leave, I guess," I replied. I needed to change the conversation, and fast.

"How would you know?" he asked, a bit offended and I wasn't sure why.

"I don't, but I know he loved my sister, in his own way," I responded defensively. Jesus Christ, stop talking Jason Stackhouse.

"And I don't?" he demanded, angry about something. What the fuck is wrong with him, acting all lady like.

"What the fuck, that's not what I said! Calm the fuck down," I said finishing my beer. At least the beer was nice.

>"Sookie is my wife!" he said possessively and it pissed me off.<p>

"She's not an object," I replied while he got up from his seat. "That vampirer treated her better than that," I said but I immediately regretted my words. There it was, impulsive Jason, but fuck, the guy was insulting my sister and treating her poorly, what was a big brother supposed to do?

"Well if you are so damn sure, why don't you go see him and ask?" Sam whispered to me. "Heck go get killed for all I care," he continued and showed me the door. "Get out of my house!"

"Okay!" I said while Michele and Sookie ran to us, wondering what the fuck was going on. "Michele! We're leaving!" She frowned but knew not

to argue. Sookie was trying to figure out what had happened and I knew she was snooping around in my head again.

Your husband is a dick that's what happened Sis.

She shot me an evil look and I smiled at her. See you later, alligator! I don't know what had crawled up Sam's ass but he was obviously butthurt about the vampirer. I wondered what the Viking would do if my sister was to tell him she regretted how it ended. Maybe he would come back? I didn't pretend to understand the terms of his arrangements with that Queen of his but I was fucking sure he loved my sister and would want to help. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad idea after all to go and see him. Sookie was forbidden in Oklahoma, but I sure as heck wasn't.

That's genius!

I opened the door and looked back at Sam with a large grin.  
>"You know Sam, I may do just that," I winked and closed the door behind us.<p>

â€"â€"zzzzâ€"â€"

"State your business," the man asked me as I stared at the fancy as fuck gate.

"I'd like to see Eric Northman," I said, sniffing the air. He was a Were, he fucking stank of it.

"Do you have an appointment?" he asked.

"What the fuck, you need an appointment to talk to him?"

"He is the Queen's consort you idiot, of course you do."

"Well just tell him that Jason Stackhouse is here to see His Honor and that if he has some spare time, I will be waiting right here at the gate," I replied pointing to the curb where I took a seat. The guy growled and it only made me laugh.

I waited for about four hours, it was getting fucking late and I was fucking starving and fucking tired, when the guy finally signaled me to enter. A vampirer greeted me and asked me to follow him and that Northman was waiting for me in the dining room. I sure wished there was some dinner involved and it wasn't some fucked up blood bullshit.

We walked through the insanely rich house, or maybe it was a castle? I wasn't sure, I'd have to check for a moat on the way out. Anyway, after walking through countless hallways to the point I wasn't sure if I would find the exit if I needed it, we finally reached that dining room of his.

He was sitting at the longest table ever, alone, with a glass of something in his hand, probably some blood. He smiled when we walked in and I considered turning around. I wasn't ever a fan of his. Then again there was a plate set up beside him with wings and fries and my stomach growled at the sight of it. Plus, I was pretty sure there was a glass of beer that completed the heavenly sight.

"Hungry, I presume? You have been waiting for quite some time," Northman said to me, offering the chair. He signaled for the other vampire to leave and so he did.

"Don't mind if I do!" I replied and took a seat. I didn't really wait for some kind of okay, I started eating and it was fucking glorious.

"What brings you here Mister Stackhouse?" he asked and I could tell he was intrigued. He knew Sookie was safe because he had left one of his vampire babies to watch over her somewhere in the woods but I guess it would be strange to him that I would just show up like this.

"My sister of course," I said in between bites but I heard Eric growl so I didn't dare say anything else.

>"You cannot speak her name here," he said so low I barely heard him.<p>

"I won't ask why," I replied in a huff.

"My dear wife is not a fan," he spoke casually.

"Well anyway, let's talk about Michele instead. You know MY wife," I said with a wink, hoping he would get my vibe.

>"Yes, what is it with Michele?"<p>

I stopped eating, took a sip of my fine ass beer and made a point of looking him right in the eyes, you know, man to man.

>"She is fucking depressed. I ain't a fan of you, you know that, so me being here is only because it's fucking serious."<br>He sighed and for a split second the dude looked fucking broken. First Sam, now him?

"It's impossible," he said.

I knew it! I was fucking right all along. He fucking did love my sister and there was no doubt about it that her choices had hurt him, I could see it clear as day.

"Nothing is impossible. I ain't asking you to move the fucking earth or kill someone here. I am just asking for you to see her. On Christmas Day."

He sighed heavily and asked me why specifically Christmas Day. What kind of fucking dumb question was that?

>"Because of Santa Claus," I replied finishing my meal. Duh. "Just make it happen."<p>

"If I do, the cost will be great, I will be putting her in danger. I will be putting you all in danger."

"I know but I can't stand living with a shell of what she used to be. This isn't living anyway. So if seeing you can ignite that fire in her again, then it'll all be worth it. Besides, my wife and kids will be nowhere near you two and I know how to keep my family safe. That's what packs are for."

â€"zzzâ€"

"Are you listening Sookie?" Michele asked for the second time but I still didn't reply. Jason, Michelle and Sam were all sitting in the living room while Corbett and Marie were playing and prattling on about the presents they had gotten. I was there of course, but I wasn't at the same time.

>It was Christmas Day and I wished I was dead.<p>

I constantly had that feeling I was watching myself live instead of actually living. It was as if I was a ghost, watching a memory of me walking, talking and interacting with the world around me. I felt no one understood the pain I was in, and the weight of my regret was just becoming too heavy to bear. At the same time I couldn't think of it, I didn't want to because every time I did, I hurt. It was one of those physical but also emotional pains. As if my breath was literally taken away from my chest, the pain vibrating through my core. If I thought about him, I couldn't cry, breathe, nor scream; my stomach would sit in a knot demanding to take a deep breath and to think about anything else because it was my only self defense against the wrongs of my past.

The truth was, all I wanted for Christmas, was the only person I would never see again. I was broken and the only thing I could cling to was the thought that time healed all wounds. I didn't know what it would take to move on, I was frozen, haunted by the shadows of my past.

>I had no strength left, hanging on to life with absolutely no purpose.<p>

Yet here I was, sitting in a room filled with my family, filled with the people who loved me the most, and it felt as if I was sitting in an empty room, trying to forget the past while they celebrated life itself. I couldn't imagine a Christmas where I would ever be happy again.

I knew I had to move on but was unsure how, I had gotten so used to being a spectator in my own life because it was easier to watch than to feel. That sometimes made my answers come out delayed because I was never paying attention.

"Yes sorry, I am a bit tired. All that food, you know." I looked at Michele and offered a smile to comfort what I knew from her thoughts to be concern for my behaviour.

>I shut them down, all of their thoughts, I didn't want to know how broken I looked, how selfish I was being, or how depressed I was. I just wanted to shut the world out but for some reason my telepathy had grown and now I could hear thoughts from a lot farther away and from more Supernaturals than before, I guess it was a side-effect from using the Cluviel Dor.<p>

Save me now.

"You barely ate," Sam said between clenched teeth and I shot him an angry look.

I was hoping my brother and Michele would take that as their clue to leave. They had spent the entire day here with their kids, making things more weird than festive for me. Michele was trying so hard to make conversation and I felt bad for her that I was being such a bad host. My brother kept telling me all day to smile and that things would get better, telling me how magical Christmas was and quite

frankly he just sounded as if he smoked dope or taken V.  
>I looked out the window and the sun was slowly coming down. It was one of those beautiful sunsets that took your breath away but I had none to give. Instead I just sighed.<br>Jason somehow got the vibe and stated it was time for them to leave.

After a friendly set of goodbye kisses and some more 'Merry Christmases' they left with all their gifts and the leftovers. I just went upstairs and shut the door.

>Sam and I now had separate bedrooms and thank god for that. I couldn't take his touch anymore, and the only reason I was still here was because it was my house and because Sam said I would eventually get better and continued believe in our marriage vows.<p>

I did not. How could I? I didn't believe them for the man I loved, why would I for a man I don't?

I lay on my bed and stared at the ceiling trying to shut the world out of my room. Somehow I must have fallen asleep since a large bang woke me up. I heard shuffling downstairs and I frowned with my inability to identify its source. What the hell was Sam doing? I slowly got up and headed to my door, only opening it to a small crack, just wide enough for my mouth to fit through.

"Sam, what's going on?" I asked only to be met with silence.

"Sam?" I said louder but, again, nothing. What the hell was he doing? I scratched my forehead while my shields dropped down further.

It took me a few seconds to realize that Sam wasn't in the house; his signature was just nowhere near me. I scanned the first floor slowly and held my breath as I came to the realization that I wasn't alone either. There was a void in the kitchen and one in the living room. Vampires.

My hand began to shake while trying to assess the situation but I was incapable of processing what was going on. Vampires had to be invited in, so how would these two make it in unless they were vampires I had invited in before.

>It dawned on me that Sam could have invited them in too, but with what purpose? Kill me? I chuckled, that was silly.<br>Or was it?

I opened the door completely and quietly made my way to the top of the staircase. There was no point in hiding, whoever was in my house was going to come and get me, to do whatever they wanted with me. In all honesty, I'm not sure I cared all that much anymore.

"Hello?" I said and I saw a shadow move from the corner of my eye, only to stop in front of the staircase. I was not sure what was more frightening; the fact that Karin was in my house or the fact that she was standing there smiling at me. She never smiled.

"Merry Christmas," she greeted and stopped smiling straight away.

Fucking creepy.

"Okay?" was all I said, completely in shock to see her here.

"I am not here to end your days breather. Just come downstairs," she

barked at me, "Please," she added coolly as if she had just been scolded by a parent.

I made my way downstairs and stopped in front of her. She awkwardly hugged me and offered me a small bag. It was one of those tacky Christmas ones and I giggled because I couldn't help it. It was a nice gesture but it was so out of character for her, I couldn't help but be suspicious.

"Where is Sam exactly?" I asked casually because I knew she wouldn't hurt him, even if she wanted to.

"Out. He will be back later."

"Yeah, okay."

"Open it please," she said, taking a step back as if she actually wanted to see me open it or something.

I slowly removed the superficial paper that was meant to hide what was inside the bag, pulling out a small box which contained a key. It wasn't exactly a house key, far smaller and shorter than that. It was made out of a copper-like material and had a large circle to crown it, words written on it in a foreign language. Attached to it was a small tube made of glass tied with a red bow. I looked at its contents moving back and forth between my fingers. It was a dark liquid, blood? Everything was small enough to fit on a necklace.

"Is that your blood?" I asked and she huffed while rolling her eyes. She then pointed toward the living room and left the house faster than I could say, 'What the fuck?'

>I looked in the living room but of course I couldn't see a thing, it was far too dark. I knew a vampire was there, he or she was watching me right now, it didn't stop me, however, from taking a step in the dark. Slowly my eyes adjusted to the darkness, aided by the dimmed light of the Christmas decorations on the coffee table.<p>

The figure was obviously male, tall and imposing. It was a familiar silhouette; one I would recognize anywhere, yet.

>I couldn't believe it.<p>

I held my breath, my vision blurred by the overwhelming tears that drowned out my eyesight.

>It couldn't be.<p>

I took a step in his direction, my hands trembling under the rush of emotions. My heart was beating louder than ever before. For the first time in months, I wasn't a spectator anymore, I was feeling again. My stomach turned while I became overwhelmed with it all. I took another daring step, but this time I stumbled, drunk on feeling.

It was impossible.

He was in front of me. He must have taken a few steps himself. He was so close, all I needed to do was to reach forward slightly and my hand would be on his chest.

>I couldn't.<p>

I was not allowed to hope; surely I was not supposed to be here with him right now. How could this be? The risk, the Queen, the armies,



the danger of it all. He was forbidden, and I was too. I whimpered, and I knew he heard it. I felt his hand slowly caressing my cheek.

I stood frozen.

I couldn't move. I closed my eyes, trying to clinch onto reality, trying not to let go.

Was I dreaming?

Was it possible on this Christmas day, my only wish, the one I didn't even dare wishing for had come to be true? I leaned into his touch, he got closer.

How?

I slowly brought my own hand to his. I was still holding the key and the flask. I placed it right on top of his trying to control the shaking.

"You will always have the key to my heart Sookie," he whispered and I let out a loud cry, one I had been holding in for far too long.

He brought me into his arms and held me tight while I sobbed out every feeling that was coursing through my veins. My head was pounding as it rested on his silent chest. He was caressing my hair slowly, and I did not dare break our embrace.

"I don't deserve you," I whispered but I knew he had heard me.

He slowly brought his hand down to my shoulders and pushed me back so he could look me in the eyes. I could see him now, I could see his beautiful face, and his light blue eyes, staring at me as if I was the most precious person in the world.

"I never want to hear you speak those words again," he said, leaning forward to place his cool lips against mine.

They were shaking with words that just simply did not come out. How do you tell someone you love them more than life itself? How do you tell them you can't, that you don't want to live without them? How do you apologize?

His tongue flicked against my bottom lip as a request for entering. There was no hesitation, my body taking control over any reason. It wasn't the time to question the when and the how. The more I tasted of him the more I wanted, my tongue never going far enough and my hand never touching enough. He growled as I grabbed his ass and I smiled while we continued to kiss. I placed my forehead onto his, catching my breath. He continued playing with my bottom lip while I took a couple of deep breaths.

"Merry Christmas, Lover," he said, I didn't have time to reply, my lips had already reached his again, inviting our tongues to dance again.

I let myself go in his arms, the safest place I ever knew. He was holding me, touching me, grabbing me, and in equal frenzy I did the same. All in one instant, I was reminded of his taste, of how he felt when I kissed him, how he trembled when I touched him, the feeling of

his skin, and the taste of his lips. It was all painted on my heart how much I loved him.

I couldn't control the tears flowing down my cheeks. As if it they were all of the bad feelings, the horrible tastes I had experienced, leaving my body in the form of tears. I truly let go, knowing that somehow we were pieces of a puzzle that were perfect for each other. We were one and nothing else mattered.

Yet, having let go of everything, it included my shields. It took me a few moments to realize, but I felt the voids approaching the house. Five, ten, twenty-five, then I lost count. All vampires, surrounding the property. We stopped kissing for a minute. I was sure he knew they were here and why. I didn't pretend to know what was going on, how he could be with me at this moment, or why he had chosen now as opposed to yesterday or a year ago. I frowned and looked him straight in the eyes.

"What have you done?" I asked unable to hide my worries to what this meant.

He caressed my shoulders, helping me breathe. He smiled, a genuine and beautiful one.

"Does it matter?"

End  
file.